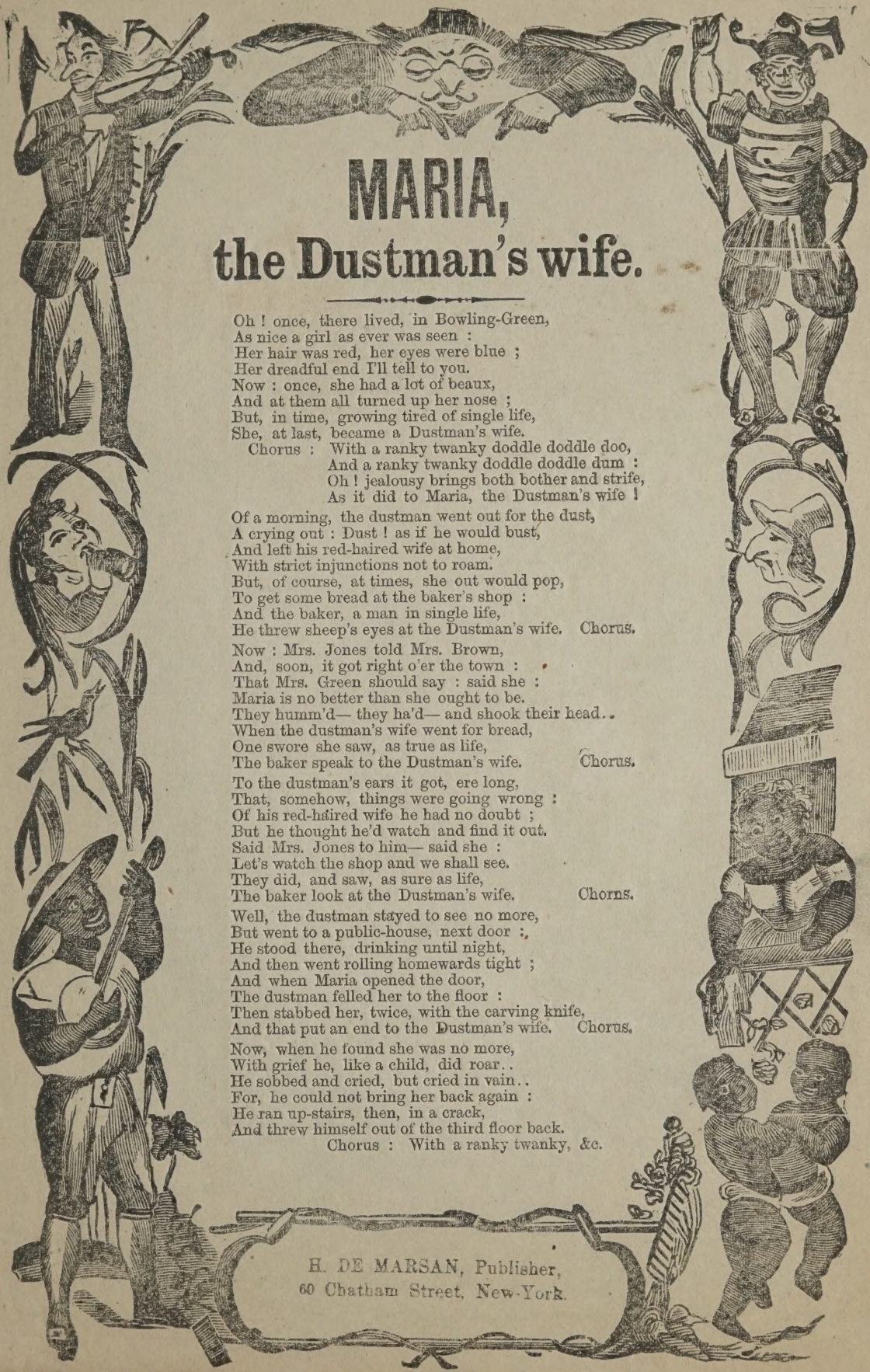

# MARIA,
# the Dustman's wife.

Oh ! once, there lived, in Bowling-Green,
As nice a girl as ever was seen :
Her hair was red, her eyes were blue ;
Her dreadful end I'll tell to you.
Now : once, she had a lot of beaux,
And at them all turned up her nose ;
But, in time, growing tired of single life,
She, at last, became a Dustman's wife.
Chorus : With a ranky twanky doddle doddle doo,
And a ranky twanky doddle doddle dum :
Oh ! jealousy brings both bother and strife,
As it did to Maria, the Dustman's wife !

Of a morning, the dustman went out for the dust,
A crying out : Dust ! as if he would bust,
And left his red-haired wife at home,
With strict injunctions not to roam.
But, of course, at times, she out would pop,
To get some bread at the baker's shop :
And the baker, a man in single life,
He threw sheep's eyes at the Dustman's wife. Chorus.

Now : Mrs. Jones told Mrs. Brown,
And, soon, it got right o'er the town :
That Mrs. Green should say : said she :
Maria is no better than she ought to be.
They humm'd— they ha'd— and shook their head..
When the dustman's wife went for bread,
One swore she saw, as true as life,
The baker speak to the Dustman's wife. Chorus.

To the dustman's ears it got, ere long,
That, somehow, things were going wrong :
Of his red-haired wife he had no doubt ;
But he thought he'd watch and find it out.
Said Mrs. Jones to him— said she :
Let's watch the shop and we shall see.
They did, and saw, as sure as life,
The baker look at the Dustman's wife. Chorns.

Well, the dustman stayed to see no more,
But went to a public-house, next door :,
He stood there, drinking until night,
And then went rolling homewards tight ;
And when Maria opened the door,
The dustman felled her to the floor :
Then stabbed her, twice, with the carving knife,
And that put an end to the Dustman's wife. Chorus.

Now, when he found she was no more,
With grief he, like a child, did roar..
He sobbed and cried, but cried in vain..
For, he could not bring her back again :
He ran up-stairs, then, in a crack,
And threw himself out of the third floor back.
Chorus : With a ranky twanky, &c.

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